

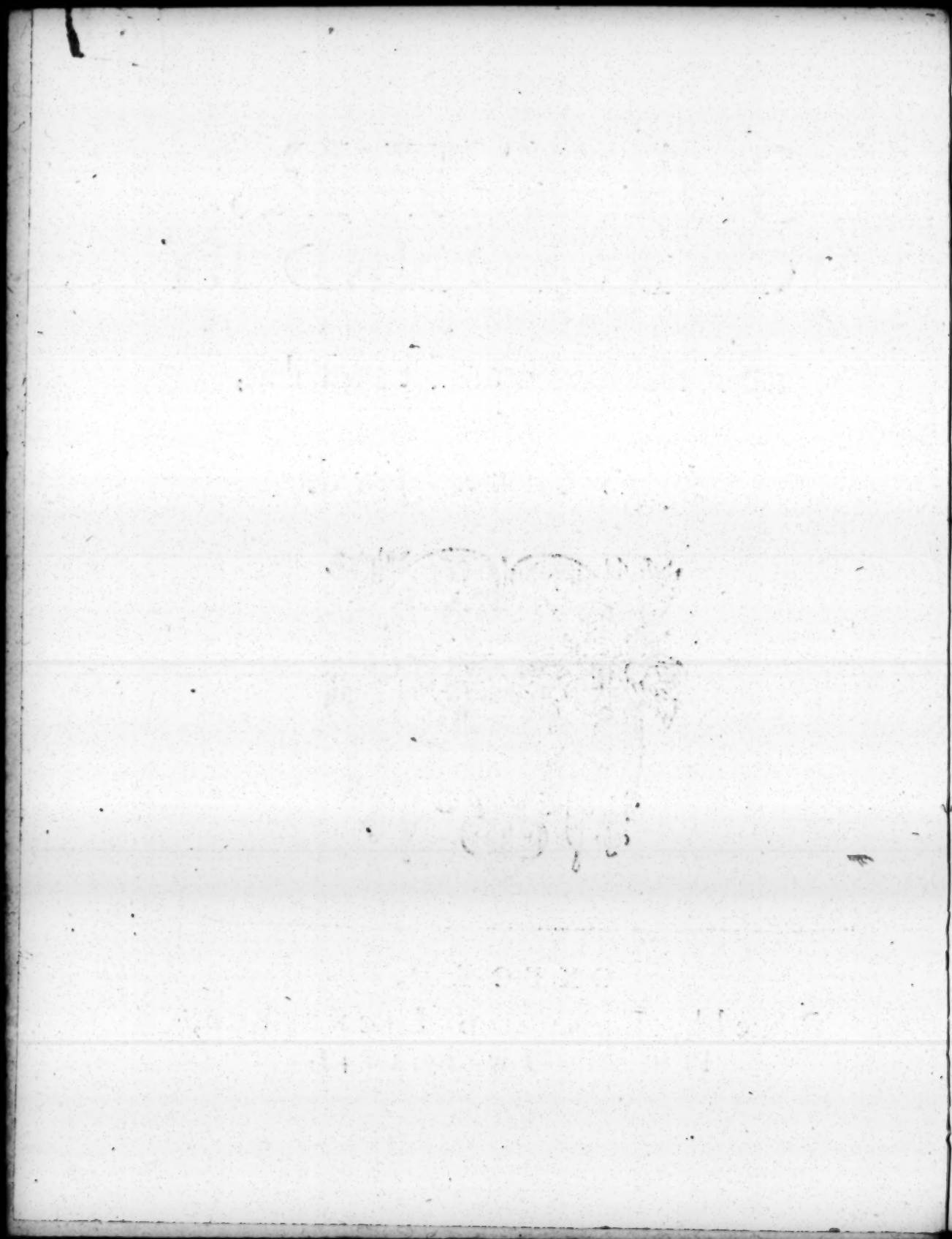
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A
SATYR,
OCCASIONED BY
THE AUTHOR'S SURVEY OF
a Scandalous Pamphlet Intituled,
The
King's Cabanet Opened.



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A SATYR.



Hen *Lawes* and *Princes* are despis'd, and cheap,
When *High-pitcht Mischeifs* all are in the heap;
Returns must still be had; *Guilt* must strive more,
Though not to' *Enoble*, yet to' *Enlarge her store*.

Poore *Cheap Designs!* the *Rebell* now must flie
To *Packet-Warre*, to *Paper-Treacherie*.

The *Basiliskes* are turn'd to *Closet-Spies*,
And to their *Pois'nous* adde *Enquiring Eyes*.

As *Snakes* and *Serpents* should they cast their sting,
Still the same *Hate*, though not same *Poyson* fling;
And their *Vaine teeth* to the same point addresse,
With the like *Rancor*, though unlike *Succeſſe*:

So those that into undiscerning veines,
Have throwne their *Venome deepe*, and their dark staines,
By *fraile Advantages*, still find it good,
To keep th' *Infection high i' th' Peoples Blood*.

" For *Active Treason* must be *Doing* still:

" Lest she *Vnlearne* her *Art of Doing Ill*.

Who now have waded through all *Publike awe*,
Will break through *Secrets*, & prophane *Their Law*.

Know you that would Their *Act* and *Statute* see,
Nature kept *Court*, and made it her *Decree*.

When *Angels* talke, all their *Concepts* are brought
From *Mind* to *Mind*, and they discourse by *Thought*.
A *Close Idea* moves, and *Silence* flies
To post the *Message*, and *dispatch Replies*.

And though *Ten Legions*, in the Round are bent,
They only *heare*, to whom the *Talke was meant*.
Now, though in *Men* a different Law controules,
And *Soules* are not *Embassadours* to *Soules*:
Nature gave Reason pow'r to find a way,
Which none but these durst venture to betray.

“ Two close safe Path's she did bequeath to men,
“ In *Presence*, *Whisper*; and at *Distance*, *Penne*.
Publike Decrees and *Thoughts* were else the same,
Nor were it to *Converse*, but to *Proclaime*.
Concepts were else *Records*, but by this care,
Our *Thoughts* no *Commons*, but *Inclosures* are:
What bold *Intruders* then are who assaile,
To cut their Princes *Hedge*, and break His *Pale*!
That so *Vnmanly gaze*, and dare be seene
Ev'n then, when He converses with His *Queene*?

Yet, as who breaks the Tall Banks Rising Side,
And all the Shore doth levie with the Tyde,
Doth not confine the Waves to any Bound,
But the whole Streame may gaine upon the Ground;
So these, *streight Prospect* scorn, and *Private View*,

“ The Crime is small that doth engage a Few.
These Print their shame, they must Compleat their Sin;
Not take some *Waves*, and shut the *Sluce* agen.
But, to the *Rageing of their Sea*, they doe
Let in the *Madnesse of the People* too.

But, 'cause the Crime must weare a *Maske and Vaile*,
 And faine the Serpent would conceale his *Taile*.
 No sooner comes the *Libell* to our view,
 But see a *stay'd, demure, grave Preface* too:
 Which seems to shew they would not thus intrude,
 Nor presse so farre but for the *Publike Good*.
 But as some *London Beggers* use to stand,
 In *Gracians Coates* with Papers in their hand,
 Who are (as them in diff'rent parts we meet)
English at Home, but *solemne Greeks* ith' street.
 Of whom *uncloth'd*, and when the truth is heard,
Constantinople only knowes the *Beard*.
 So this *sly Masker*, lay it's *Tinsell* by,
 Is only *Painted Zeale*, and *Pageantry*.

We need not let our *Satyr* here compute,
 How it prophanes God in his *Attribute*.

But, for it's *Light* it need no *Bushell* call,
 A *Semestresse Thimble* would *Eclipse* it all.

O! in what wea'nesse it pretends to creepe,
 How well the *Tyger* personates the *Sheepe*.

It not Returnes ill Language to the King,
 Though the next Lines the *Psalmes* against Him bring.

Then it to th' *Businesse* comes, and lets us know,
 Who reads it either is it's *Friend*, or *Foe*.

If *Friend*, the Scandals all must true appeare:

If *Foe* (alack the man is nere the neere.)

Foe no light moves, no *Miracles* like these,

Heel' say they're not the *Kings* too if he please,
 And tell us pray, why may'nt your last words stand,

You counterfeir His *Seale*, why not His *Hand*?

But to admit. We now deduce and bring,

What *after Notes* clearly imply oth' King.

See the
Preface.

See the first
Annotati-
on.

First, They His Consort from His *Secrets* wrest:
They doe allow the *King*, but not the *Breast*.
The Sacred Knott must have a Tye and Force,
To joyn their *Hands*, but yet their *Thoughts* *Divorce*.
And, as the Ivy wedds her Consort-Tree,
Though joyn'd and close their chaste Embraces be,
Yet in those *Twynes* and *Circuits* we can find,
No *Traffick*, no Commerce of *Mind* with *Mind*:
So must the Sacred Lawes of Marriage peirce,
Here she may *sprout*, and *Grow*, but not *Converse*.
And like a Plant remov'd by 'Grafters toyle,
She finds, not *Nuptials*, but a change of *soyle*.
England to th' *Queene* Transplanted thus must prove,
No *Forraigne Kingdom*, but a *Forraigne Grove*.

But, lest this groundlesse seeme, they Reasons vex,
And tell the World she's of the Weaker Sex.
In what wilde Braines this Madnesse first began!
'They're wondrous angry,' cause the *Queenes* no *Man*.
Fond Sirs forbear, doe not the world perplex:
Reason and *Judgment* are not things of *Sexe*.
Soules and their *Faculties* were never heard,
To be confin'd to th' *Dublet*, and the *Beard*.
Consult one Age from this, and you shall find
A *Queene* the *Glory* of your *Annalls* shin'd.
But who to farre and distant Objects flies,
Must say the *Sunne* wants *Lustre* or *He Eyes*.
Our *Present Injur'd* *Queene* returns that store,
And doth again, what could be done before:
By the *Kings* *Judgment*, shoves Her *owne* is *Right*,
And still she meets His *Ray* with her *owne Light*.

Thus the *Wise King* to *Sheba's* *Queene* was knowne,
Who knew *Him* *Wise*, by *Wisedome* of her *owne*.

But

But as all *Publike* knowledge barr'd must be,
 So *Household-Acts* must have their Myserie:
 No circumstance can passe, no Servant made,
 But must be wrapt in *silence* and close *shade*.
 One place in Court a Riddle must afford,
 Worthy a secret *Sybill's* darke Record.

See on in
 the first An
 notation,

As the Kings *acts* must all Their limits prove,
 So their *Restraint* and *Raines* must check his *Love*.
Esteems of 's Consort by their *pitch* must flie,
 Nor must He Rate His Deere Queens Health too *high*.
 He must affect thus *farre*, and then no *more*;
 His *Tydes* must be proportion'd to their *shore*;
 His *Tenderneße* their *Weights* and *Ballance* weare,
 By *Granes* and *Scruples* they confine His Care,
 But (Savage) know, there can no Ransome be

See the 2^d
 Annotat.

Poys'd with the Health of such a Queene as *she*.
She that at once such *weightie* Acts can doe,
 That can be *Queene*, and yet *Negotiate* too.
Send, and be *sent*, and without more demurre,
 Be both the *Queene*, and Her *Embassadour*.
 That gives dispatch for Ships, and when she please,
 Divides the Empire with the Queene orh' Seas.
 Who dares the Threats of any danger stand,
 The stubborn Rock, or the Devouring Sand.
 And though the Sea swell like Her *fate*, and *Grave*,
 Looke at her Consort, and despise the *Wave*.

See the 3^d
 Annotat.

The Captive Queene did (thus) the Tyrant tell,
 I am no Captive so my King be well.

By these, her worth and Rate is faintly knowne,
 Past stories *blush* when she erects Her *owne*.
 Search *old Gray* Annals, you may find at length,
 Some Queene in *Vigour*, and her *mid day* strength.

Q. curius
 lib. 3.

Who

Who in her Injur'd Consort's cause, referres
 To Copies glancing at these Acts of *Hers*;
 But if *Infirm* and *Sickly* Queenes we scanne,
 No story patterns Her, None ever can.
 Shew us a *Queene* fraught with such wide *Affaires*;
 Here private *Weaknesse*, there a *Kingdoms* Cares,
 Perplext and tortur'd from her Rest and ease,
 By a *Rebellion* here, there a *Disease*:
Advice, and *Medcines* at one time we view,
 A *Councell-Bord*, *Bord* of *Physitians* too:
 Yet her Capacious Soule both these defeats,
 While this Hand holds *Instructions*, that *Receipts*.

See the 3.
 Annotat.

These are our fam'd *Queens* Crimes, but yet one more
 Must be the maine *Ingredient* of the Store.
 Which seems to presse so deepe, there's nought so bright,
 But this may fully all it's Lustre quite.
 'Tis Her *Religion's* Care: She tryes Her Pow'r's,
 To keep that still. Doe not we so for Ours?
 Why to one *Face* so diff'rent *shapes* have bin?
 What *Virtue* is in *Vs*, in *Her*, is *Sin*.
 Our diff'rent Faith's did long together grow,
 And neither suffer'd, neither losse did know:
 And like a stream, which 'twixt two feilds doth flow,
 Which as it *Moistens*, so *Divides* them too:
 So did the Kingdoms Law throw *Dew* and *growth*,
 In *weights* and just *proportion* unto both,
 And like a parting Current slide along,
 To keep them *wide*, that neither neither *Wrong*.
 Our Faith's were then but *Two*, but since a sp'rit
 So many *Mushrome-Sects* rais'd in a Night:
 The *Protestant* (as she could Parties gaine
 Who unconcern'd were in the *Dreggs* and *staine*,)

Did

Did recommend her *Votaries*, and bring
 Her Faith to it's *Defendour*, our *Just King*.
 Who with such *Zeale* hath kept her Rites entire,
 As well from *Languishing*, as from *strange Fire*:
 That still the Center favours it's true Sent,
 Without *Acceſſion*, yet no *Perfume ſpent*.
 The happy Martyrs find their Faith hath ſtood
 In *Him*, as when they bath'd it in their blood.
 They joy to ſee, that He his God adores
 Nor at *High-Places*, nor at *Threſhing-Floores*.
 But 'ſpight of Scandals, pay's his homage ſtill
 In the *juſt Beauty* of the *Sion-Hill*.

To *Other Sects*; though as in *Common-Feilds*
 Which *Swine*, and *Horſes*, *Mules*, and *Oxen* yeilds,
 Who though at *Diſtance feed*, *Approaching*, *claſh*,
 And *Diſproportion'd ſhapes* together daſh.
 So they, though one *Rebellion* them ſuſtaine
 Themſelves *Accuſe*, and are *Accuſ'd againe*.
 Could they comply, then poſſibly might dwell
 Some *faint Agreement*, though no *Peace* in Hell.
 Now, theſe nice Taſts no *Forraigne aids* indure,
 (Their *Rebell Scots*, are *Engliſh Rebels ſure*.)
 No, nor the *Papiſts*: much it with them ſticks,
 Leſt theſe Mens *Punniards*, ſhould be *Hereticks*:
 Their ſoules would be *Prophan'd*, and clean *undun*,
 Should they be ſlaine by an *Idolatrous Gun*.
 Goe lay your *Viſar* by, your *Masking ſtuffe*,
 The Devill is *tyr'd*, and Hell hath *laugh'd enough*:
 The world diſcries the *Cheat*; 'tis quickly knowne
 They no Faith *hate*, who have *Reſolv'd* on None.
 Theſe may not fight: that is, the King you'd haue
 Tamely forſake his *Crowne*, and be your *ſlave*,

See the 4.
 Annotati-
 on.

His Easier Subjects long agoe you gatt,
 All who approv'd your *Baite*, and swallow *that*.
 Indeed, *Discerning* soules the snare forlooke,
 And through the *Wave* did still discerie the *Hooke*;
 But yet so *close* designs were cast about,
 Your Race was *halfe runne* ere the King *set out*.
 Yet you *complaine*, and guilty feares doe *gnaw*,
 Lest you should *scanted* be for *Space* and *Law*:
 Conscious, though you your cause did *forward* meet.
 It's *Guilt* and *Sin* hangs *Plummets* at it's feet.

Are not the *Jewes*, *Wallooncs*, the *Turks*, and all
 Whom from as *Diff'rent Gods* as Lands you call,
 An Armie *strong* to keep the cause in heart,
 But that the *King* must with His *Subjects* part?
 Can no Accession so much safety fend,
 But you will *dread* Him *still* before you end?

See on in
 the 4. An-
 notation.

Sometimes at Ebbes his God doth let Him stand,
 That so the *Rescue* may declare His hand.
 But, what (you hope) may make the King's side pause,
 Is what He writes about the *Penall Lawes*.
 Poore, shallow soules ! I deeme it one from hence
 To forfeit *Loyalty*, and forfeit *Sense*.

Shall such as wast their Blood be quite debarr'd,
 And kept without the *Pale* from all *Reward*?
 Shall fame Report, shall after Ages tell,
 So Just a King regards not who doe well?

But you pretend, this was a *State-Decree*,
 Nor without Pow'r which *made* may *cancell'd* be.
 The King *nev'r* saies it shall: but cannot doubt
 That when His God hath brought His work about,
 And shifted *Iarres* and *Tumults* into *Ease*,
 And seat him 'midst his Councell in *High Peace*:

Their

Their joynt united suffrage will think fit,
To give *this* Act; or something *Great* as it.

But see, His *Pardon* then to *Ireland* came,
(*Wild Rebels*) offers He not you the *same*?
He holds still out the *same* fresh cheerfull Ray,
You shutt your *Windowes* and exclude the *Day*.

Embrace the *shine*, or else expect the *stroake*:

The Flint the Sunne ne're melts, at last is brooke.

But now the Flood-Gates op', and a free Sluce,
Let's in all Senselesse Doctrines, and wild Vse.

And by *Comparing* what's said long agoe,
Finds *Disproportion* in the *King's Acts* now.

His past Resolves it up to *Present* brings,
His *Vowes* to *Vowes*, and *Things* to combat *Things*.

A *Diff'rent* face throughout, and a *fresh* Scene
Succeeds: and all his Acts seeme shifted cleane.

Weak men! who are depriv'd by *Guilt* or chance,
Of all the *lights* of Common Circumstance;

That have unlearn't that *Actions* shift their *Face*,
And date their worth from *Persons*, *Time*, and *Place*,

And *sundry* such, from whose *Neglects* appeare
Acts as *Sinnes* there, which are *Try'd* *Virtues* here.

For instance then: soft as the King reflects

His *Oath's* injoyne, His *People* He protects.

Which *Oathes* extent, and *Circuit* we may veiw
spread ore th' *Five* *Execrable* *Members* too.

Yet (farre as't them concernes) that *Chaine* is broke,
That *Oath* left Him, because they left His *Toake*.

Now of this *Pitch*, and *Size*, doe still appeare,
All *Aerie* *Scruples* which are started there.

The King Declared, He thought you meant no Ill.
Say, would you the King Declare so still?

See on in
the 4. An.
notation,

See on,

Allow but *different* Circumstance, and we
 Find, all your *Scandals* will His *Glories* be.
 Now, as the *worst* things have *some* things of *stead*,
 And some *Toades* treasure *Jewels* in their Head.
 So doth this *Libels Wombe* girt, and *containe*
 What though it *compasse Round* it cannot *staine*.
 Lines of so *cleare*, yet so *Majestick* straine,
 A most *Transparent*, yet a *close-wove* Veine.
 Which when we reach its *Sense*, we may *discrue*
 We see more by its *Light*, then our *owne* Eye.
 So *Phœbus* (when the *Clowd* and *Night* is done)
 Lends us his *Light* to know he is the *Sunne*.
 Yet this *expressive* *Clarenesse* is but *barke*,
 An *Out-side* *Sunne* which guards us from the *darke*.
 Here, the *Bright* *Language* shuts in *Brighter* *sense*,
Rich *Diamonds* sleep within a *Chrystall* *Fence*.
Gemmes of that rate, to *Tully* they'd appear
Fitt *Purchase* for his *Critick* *Senates* *Eare*.
 And their whole *Shine* in a full *Lustre* tends
 To *God*, His *Conscience*, *Consort*, and His *Friends*.

THE CLOSE.

No *winding* *Characters*, no *secret* *Maze*
 Could so *perplex*, but they have found their *wayes*:
 They *thred* the *Labyrinth*: and what to doe?
 Where *tends* the *Guide*? what *purchase* in this *Clew*?
 Rash *Alexander* forc't King *Gordius* *Knott*,
 And so in hand found he a *Rope* had *gott*.

Q. Curtius
 lib. 3.

FINIS.

